but gained no comfort. One client was "better, to-day;" another "about the same;" another had a "stronger pulse"; another had had "an easier night than usual." Always these dismal refrains. Whenever I entered our stricken home, I had to meet the mute inquiry of those ~~poor~~ pathetic eyes, but I never had to speak — my own looks conveyed my ~~dreary~~ heavy tidings & the hopeless heads were bowed once more.

I was up all

~~at~~ night, wande
about the villa
The fatal day c
the sun rose &
I wandered fro
house to house.
not to inquire — I
no heart to do that
longer. I only to
friends of mine
these houses, & to
them to wait, & if
got any news, to
it to me with al
speed.

Two hours late
was a scene in a
home. Old Mar
was there, gloating